OCTOBER 24, 1925 ★ PRICE 15 CENTS

JUDGE

DRESSED TO KILL!

Have You One of the

Lucky One Dollar Bills

?

EXAMINE your one dollar bills and see if you have one of the lucky ones. Have you one that has a likeness of the first President of the United States? Does the name "Washington" on it contain ten letters? Has it a green back?

If you can answer Yes to these questions, you have one of the lucky dollar bills.

We won't ask you where or how you got the dollar, nor shall we publish your photograph.

Just fill in the coupon below and send it in with your lucky one dollar bill and you will receive ten weeks of JUDGE—"The World's Wittiest Weekly."

Incidentally—do it now

JUDGE, Date.....
627 West 43d Street, New York.

Here's my lucky buck. Slip me JUDGE for ten weeks.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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JUDGE

STRANGE disappearance of Chicago man baffles police. Maybe he's trying to find a place to park.

SIEGFRIED in a sack suit will soon rival Hamlet in knickers, according to Director Dantchenke of the Moscow Art Theater. If some one will now sing "Carmen" in a chemise we might work up a little interest.

ONE HUNDRED AND THREE persons were arraigned in a New York court for intoxication and disorderly conduct over the week-end. Something should be done about closing the saloons on Sundays.

JOSEPH CAILLAUX, French Minister of Finance, says United States water is excellent. Evidently he has been drinking our Scotch.

YEGGMEN blow safes in Jeweler's Exchange seventy feet from policeman. Evidently they are not taking chances any more.

TWO balloonists fall into lake; four gas bags down. The names of the Congressmen they had with them weren't given.

A GOLF BALL has been invented for indoor practice that will only travel a few feet. An old golfer tells us that he's been playing with that kind of ball for years.

IMPROVED local anæsthetics have rendered almost obsolete the old practice of giving sufferers gas in dental parlors. Now if some bright chap can only get up something similar for the barber shops.

A YOUNG Italian recently stabbed two women because neither would marry him. Alienists should have no trouble proving his insanity.

JACK DEMPSEY is to fight Harry Wills next fall. The date of the next postponement will undoubtedly be announced later.

A BILL has been introduced in the Municipal Assembly to give Mayor Hylan a pension of $4,878 a year if he will retire to private life. New Yorkers haven't had a chance at such a bargain since they bought the Island for a bottle of whisky.

GENERAL ANDREWS announces that there is to be another big dry shake up. This information should be run in comic strip form hereafter.

The camp sight.

"Da Grand March no sooner begin when he hauls off'n swats her; now if ya ask me, Mrs. Finky, I don't think they get along."

Ballads of a Husband

Ouch!

Our wedding anniversary
Was just the other day;
Suggested wife: "Let's celebrate."
To which I said: "O. K."

We called up many of our friends,
And at our house they met;
They all drank to our happiness—
While I drank to forget.

Coming: Ballads of a wife.

R. C. O'B.

Funnybones

The oily woodwork catches the dust.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Infamy"

"I whistled for my dog but he wouldn't come infamy."

Paradise Lost

"Why so sad?"

"Said something to my wife and she wouldn't speak to me for a week."

"That's too bad, old man, when did that happen?"

"'Bout a month ago."

"Well, why so sad now?"

"Forgotten what I said."

F. H. Untiedt

Soviet

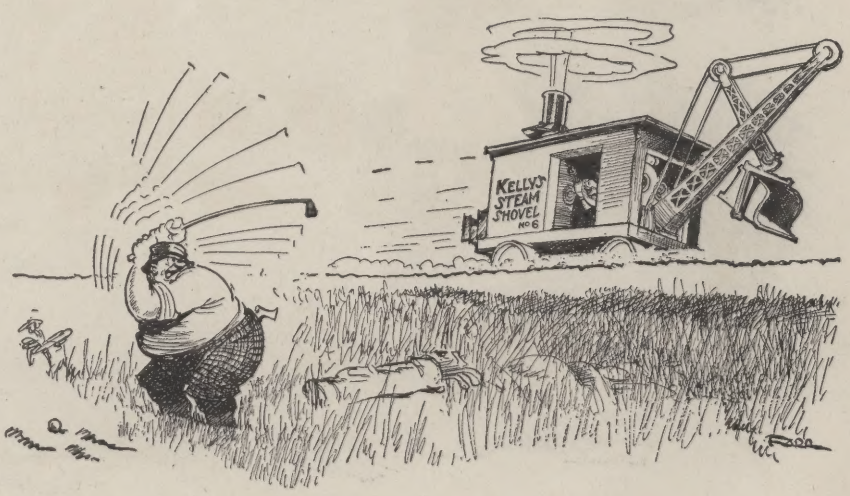
"WINDOW I Ghetto colon you?"
I aster yesterday.
"Yukon sometime," she setto me,
"Adonna winter say!
A weaker tutor say the least
I ferret will require
Ere icon Bijou seamy, sir,
My time mistaken prior."

"Oh, lauded stuff! My planet was
To Eton dance hall night
Where mania quarto licorice,
And gratis the delight.
My coyness ample foray lark
Succumb, no matter whether!"
She broker data 'pon the spot,
And Soviet together.

Herbert Gay Sisson

Famous Rouges

Baton.
Moulin.
Vin.
Gwendolyn's knees.



"Can I give you a hand, ol' boy?"

Funnybones

Home brewer's anthem: With All Thy Faults, I Love Thee, Still.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

On Knowledge Bent

I'VE often heard of Dr. Johnson's Stella;
Anne Hathaway was "Shake's" affinity;
George Eliot I'm told had many a fella—
But who, pray tell, was Tom Gray's Ella G—?

Marc Antony renegged on Cleopatra
Who did a serpentine when she had lost;
Walt Raleigh vexed Queen Bess with his Sumatra—
But who's this Ruby Kahn whom Caesar crossed?

I've wrestled with a home-made education;
I've even bought the classic five-foot shelf;
My queries fill my friends with indignation—
I guess I'll have to answer them myself!

****

A vaudeville singer with a double voice is looking for two partners. He wants to form a quartet.

5, 10 AND 15-CENT STORE
"You big stiff, you can't talk to ME that way. I'll come out and climb all over you. Where were you brought up — in a barn or the subway?

Complications caused by a passing ventriloquist with a humorous bent.

Lizzie Labels

No one injured in this wreck.

JUDGE will pay $5 for each one printed

A lot of flaming youths burn themselves out.

"Kindly note, Jane, that for once in my life I'm going off without *forgetting my golf sticks!"*

Nursery Rhymes for Bottle Babies

LITTLE drops of juniper,
Little grain alcohol,
Makes the eighteenth applesauce
Take an awful fall.

Little boy brew, come fill the horn
With the stuff that you said you had made from corn.
Where is the boy who made this mixture?
Under the table—out of the picture.

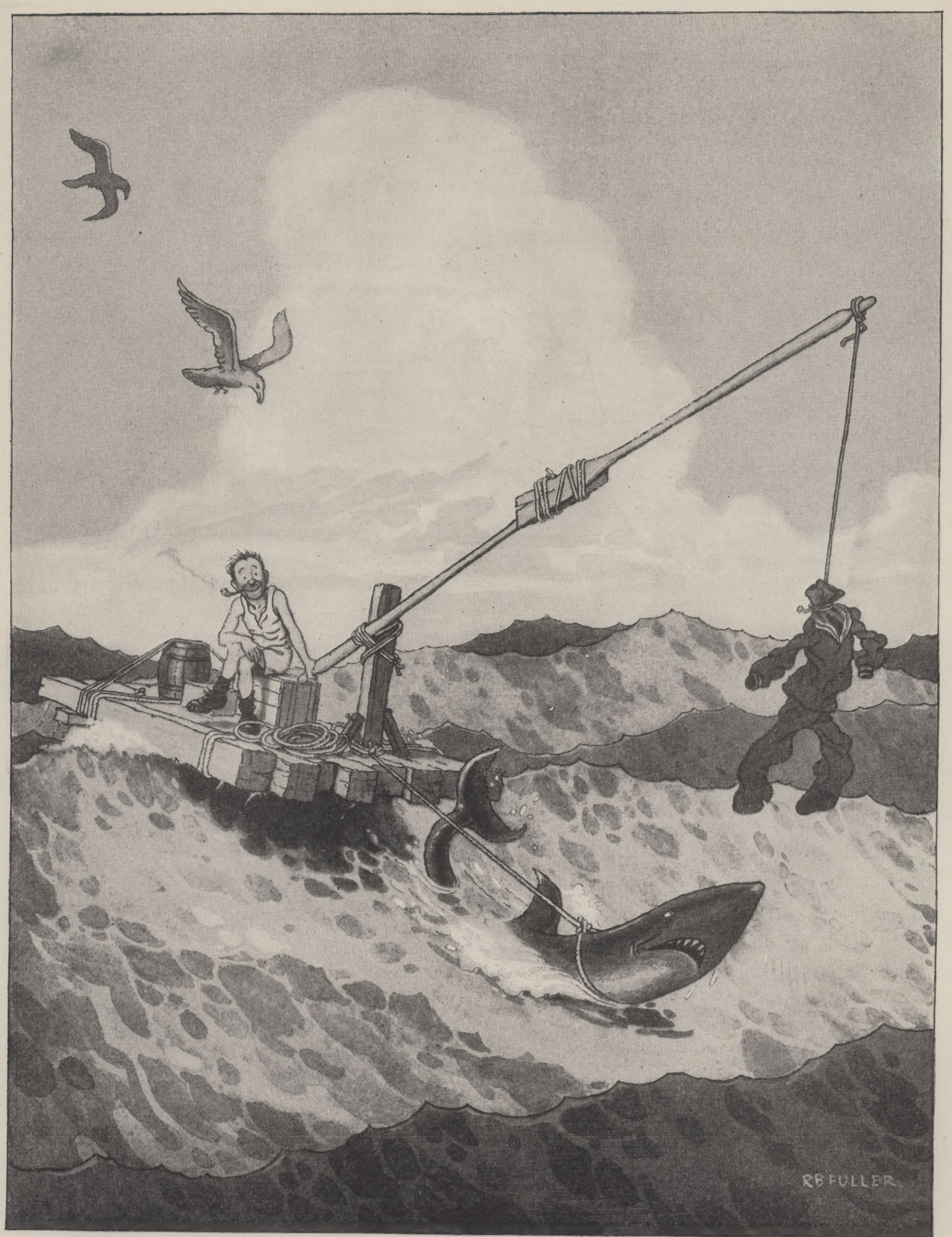
Tom, Tom, the dry chief's son
Stole a swig and away he run.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your bar den grow?
"With Scotch on shelves, arranged in twelves
And Gordon all in a row."

Jack and Jill went to the still
And comin' through the rye,
Jack he tripped, the bottle slipped,
And Jill went grumbling dry.

Little Bootleg has lost her keg
And don't know where to find it.
Let it alone, and it'll come home
Waving a summons behind it.

George A. Paravicini



"SAVED, B'GOSH!"

SCHOOL-TEACHER—*The only time I feel solvent is when I pass a Librarian.*

Gullibles' Travels

NEXT summer for a down payment of $25 you'll be able to get all the benefits of a summer in Europe, and still eat hot dogs in Coney Island. I have on my desk the prospectus of "Seeing Europe in America, Inc." Listen to it:

"We will ship you, parcel post prepaid, four dozen assorted hotel labels, representing hotels in Paris, Berlin, Nice, Monte Carlo, Switzerland, etc. Paste these on your bags, suitcases and trunks and then descend from a taxicab, with this baggage. All labels guaranteed waterproof and genuine, representing only the best hotels.

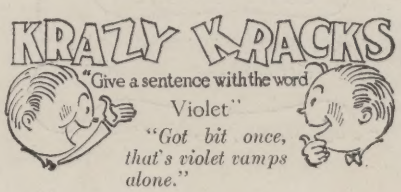
"We will furnish you with the names of the head waiters at the smartest European restaurants, so that you may refer to them by name all winter. We'll send you photographs of the captains of all transatlantic liners inscribed 'to my dear friend ———,' with room for you to insert your own name. To each of our clients we supply a different list of foreign nobles met while traveling. (Specify sex of noble desired.) This will give you snappy anecdotal material for all winter.

"Complete descriptions of all the ruins in Rome and in the Paris hotels are included in the course. Our handbook of beverages will enable you to discuss fluently your experience with various Continental drinks. We also will coach you how to tell that story about the night you were carried back to your hotel in Rome and how often to repeat it.

"Any returned traveler from Europe this past summer will bore you for months with just such material as we have listed above. It will have cost him several thousand dollars. Now, for a mere twenty-five bucks, you can be just as boring next fall as your friends are this one.

"Specify, in replying, whether you want to include an affair with the wife of the Austrian count (for males) or whether you want to mention that night in Venice with the Russian duke (for females). All anecdotes passed by all State boards of censorships, and guaranteed not to offend even your Aunt Martha from Akron."

Hugh Wood



Sews your old man.

"Look, girls! Isn't *he cute—look at the little round tummy."*

Who's Zoo in Limerick

Said the hippo, with quivering lips,
"My eye salinaciously drips,
For the fashions decree
Hips are out. Goodness me!
What's a hippo to do without hips?"

Funnybones

A man just will insist upon chasing a girl until she catches him.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

The Golden Dustman

Its share of fame great wealth may buy—
Acknowledge it we must.
You're sure to fill the public eye
If you've but got the dust!

"Go after 'im, Alfred! He insulted me!"

"Poipy, Mister? Illerstrated Daily Tablet?"
"Naw, too deep."

BUTTER AND EGGS

by Don Herold

THERE is room in New York for a low brow newspaper. Our present larger dailies now sell to our half million most intelligent citizens. Our illustrated tabloids sell to the million just below them. But the huge market of the really unintelligent is as yet untapped. A fortune awaits the man who will give New York a worse newspaper.

* * *

I'd hate to see it.

* * *

Gloria Gould has worked so hard in the advertising of her Embassy Theater to establish an atmosphere of intimacy that I suppose that when approaching the ticket window one should say "What price, Glory?"

* * *

When I am out riding in my car and inadvertently start to cross a street against a traffic signal and the cop bawls me out viciously and orders me to back up, you big stiff, I take him at his word and back up with a lurch as suddenly as he asks it, hoping to kill a few pedestrians under my car in doing so. It is a good way to reduce the population and escape the blame for it. I have killed dozens of citizens in this manner and have had no damage suits, for, you see, it is the city's fault. The cop, an employed agent of the municipality, is entirely to blame.

* * *

What has become of the old-fashioned dramatic critic who gave his readers some idea as to whether or not shows were any good, instead of indulging himself in a column and a half of literary ventriloquism?

* * *

Going back to the small town of my boyhood at intervals of six months or so gives me a slow motion moving picture of life and death. The camera is stopped often enough to catch the budding and drooping of human beings. Babies grow up before your very eyes, bloom, blossom, reproduce, and then begin to bend and fade, and finally die. It is an effect impossible to get if you stay all the time in one town, for you are then part of the picture. By going back to Bloomfield, Ind., every few months, I see the hour hand whirl.

* * *

You people in little towns do not know how it hurts the "home boys" to come back and see what childbirth, rheumatism, pyorrhea, and diabetes are doing to you.

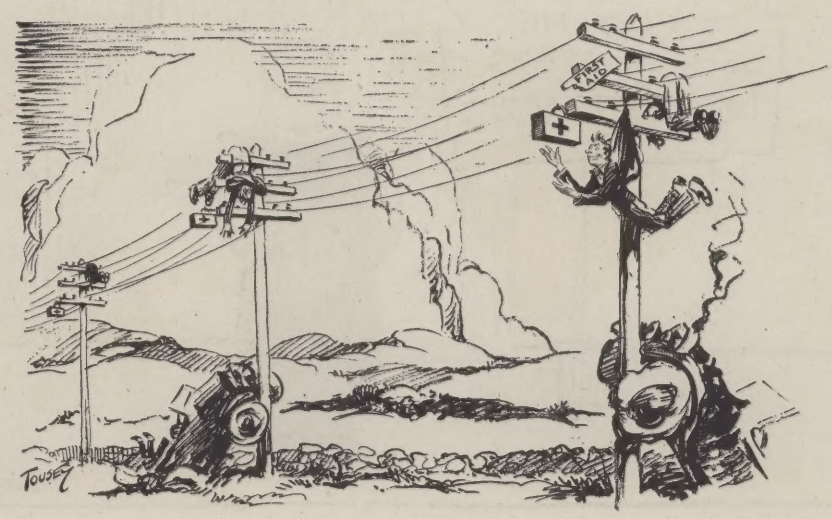
* * *

Meredith Nicholson, in a recent *Collier's*, said, in writing on the small city vs. the large as a place to live: "The consciousness of the size of the human herd in a metropolis, the numbing sense of the sharpness of competition, would have killed my ambition."

But, after all, the population of New York is much the same whether or not Meredith Nicholson is living here. By living in Indianapolis he is merely shutting his eyes to an unpleasant fact, and, in a way, dodging a responsibility.

* * *

If I were a judge and a man swore to me that his wife was addicted to kimonas and curl papers or water-wave combs, I would give him a divorce and grant him alimony.



Why not hang first-aid kits on each telephone pole, so they'll be handy?

ALONG THE BOULEVARD

The Dramatist at Home

ARRIVES home and finds door locked. Rings bell but receives no answer. Thumps on door with fist and yells hoarsely: *"Open that door!"*

Puts snoulder to door and breaks it open. Thinks up good line to exclaim over dead body of wife, which he expects to find on the floor of the living-room. Dashes in with clenched fists, all ready to raise them above his head and swear vengeance over corpse. Finds nothing on the floor but the rug and some cigar ashes. Bends over and examines ashes through magnifying glass. Finds they are from his own brand of cigars.

Paces up and down room. Suddenly exclaims: "Halloa, what's this?" and picks up note from table. Reads aloud: "Gus, dear: Have went to mother's over week-end. Back Tuesday, or maybe later. Sandwiches in ice box. Don't forget to feed the goldfish. Clean collars in upper drawer. Love, Lulu. X X X X X."

Clutches at shirt front in vicinity of heart, shrieks: "Omigod!" and falls, unconscious, to the floor. In falling hits head on leg of table. Paradoxically, this restores him to consciousness.

Wanders over to window and peers out. Mutters: "What a terrible night to-night is. Anything's liable to happen on a night like this."

After writing a couple of acts of a mystery play entitled: "The Cat, the Canary and the Bat," retires to bedroom. Closes door, but draught blows it open again. In a high pitch he demands: "Who's there?" Cat in yard screeches: 'Me — ow — oww!'"

Turns out all lights in room except three or four green ones and jumps into bed. Starts as window shade flaps. Gets up and adjusts shade. Taps walls on way back to bed.

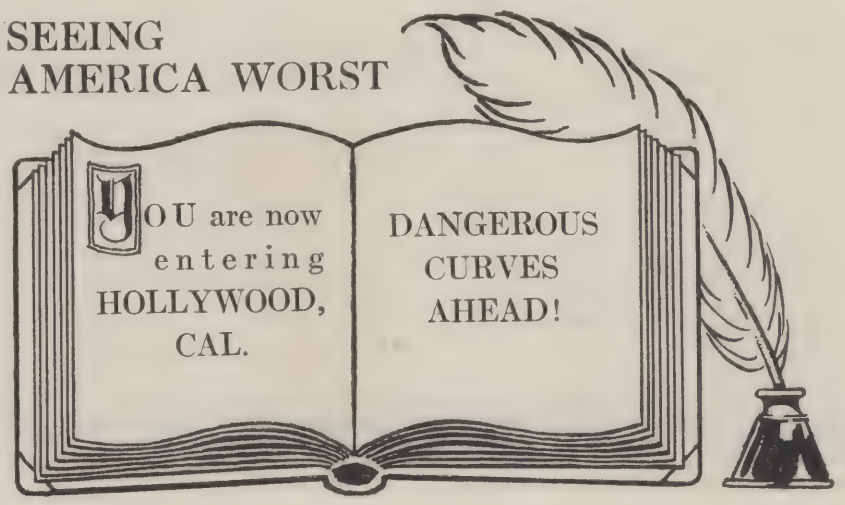
Lapses into semi-stupor. Becomes terrified as he feels a hand with long bony fingers clutching at his throat. Grabs wrist to which hand is attached and finds out it is his own. Feeling rather foolish, he finally falls asleep.

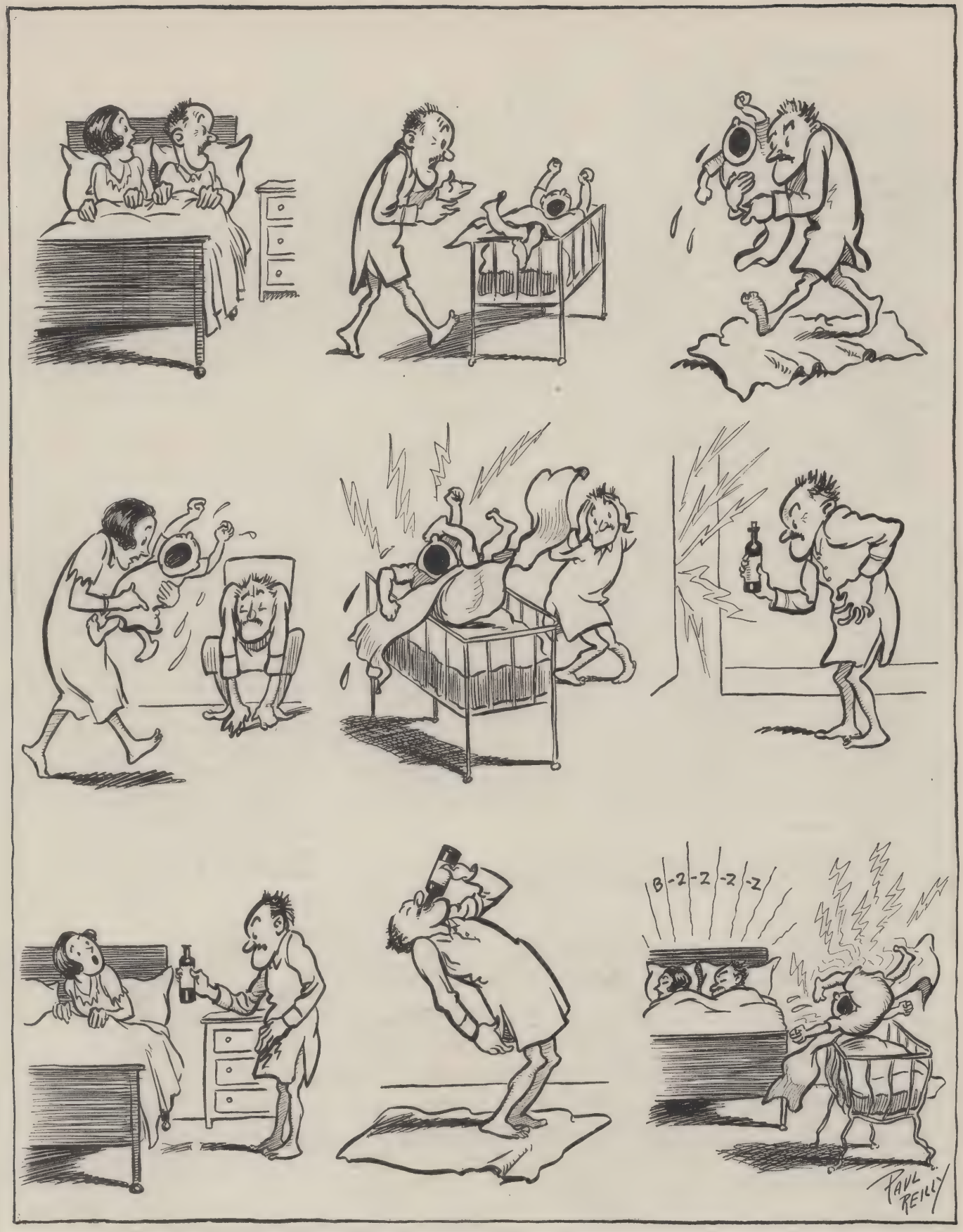
R. C. O'Brien

OUR OWN NEWS REEL

Eskimo children starting in on their six-months-old-all-day-suckers.

"Lady, could you-all give me a bite?"
"Go way, niggah, you're too dirty to bite."





THE SOOTHING-SIRUP

Unpublished Testimonials
Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Ozogood Ozone for Brindled Bozos

After serving for nearly twenty years in Coxey's Army I finally got a job ringing belles on Fifth avenue buses, but the work was too confiding and I found myself running down at least half the time, if not less. Life seemed to hold no interest for me, and my only ambition was to meet up in a dark alley some night with the gentleman, if at all, who invented the shadow-proof skirt for summer wear. You may consider this a slip, but it really doesn't matter a great deal since I have bought some of your Ozogood Ozone and expect to do away with myself shortly. We're moving to Metuchen.

Garter's Little River Ills

While horseback riding one afternoon between New York and Chicago I happened to look out of the window and saw one of your cute little signs on some farmer's barn, telling all of us to take Garter's Little River Ills and live happily ever after. I was a bit dizzy from going around with my husband anyway so all three of us got off the wagon and hunted high and low but couldn't find some at all.

Now I can hear better than before I got my glasses and get much more out of living than they did last year—sometimes I'm almost afraid I'll be arrested I can see so well. I'm recommending Garter's Little River Ills to all my patients and with unbelievable results.

Marigold's Mash for Romantic Reasons

Start here patient in critical condition stop wanted to try your mash stop advised him to stop taking the stuff for last two weeks back up patient now out of danger stop awaiting my check for commission return to home and begin again patient died yesterday stop.

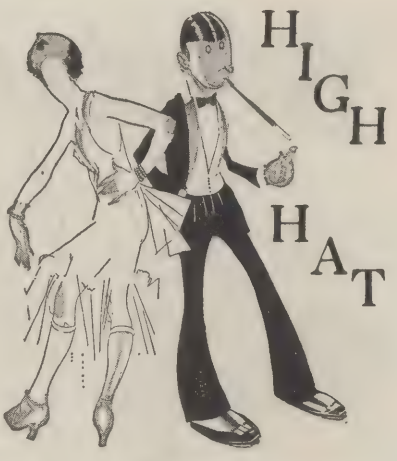
M. D. Emdey, M.D.

Richard S. Wallace

Judge Nominates for the Hall of Fame

SOCRATES

Because he was history's greatest hen-peck; because he looked less like John Barrymore than anyone who has ever lived; because he was the original Inquiring Reporter; but most of all because, when floored for the final count by that Hemlock cocktail, he didn't lay the blame on his bootlegger.



Well, folks, here we are right smack in the middle of the well-known football season. What a joy it is to flask in the autumn sunlight! Block that kick!

Drove up to the Yale-Penn game last week and discovered a new game—Auto Football! The crowd in the car divides into two teams and tosses up for the bottle—pardon me, I mean ball. Every time the car comes to a stop in traffic or otherwise it's a "down"—four downs are allowed to make two miles. If you can't make it the other side gets the bottle—I mean ball. The "ball" gets very rough use, so it is well to carry "spares"!

Speaking of charming people, have you seen Edna Best in "These Charming People"? She's a newcomer and is the hit of the season.

The Six Best "Steppers":

"It Must Be Love"—(*Merry Merry*).

"I Was Blue"—(*Merry Merry*).

"Who"—(*Sunny*).

"Here in Your Arms"—(*Dearest Enemy*).

"Fond of You"—(*Captain Jinks*).

"Hot Footin' "—(*No Show*).

Gawd Jr.

Green Waiter—*Awk, look at my thumbs in the soup! Thank Gawd I don't have to get waited on by me!*

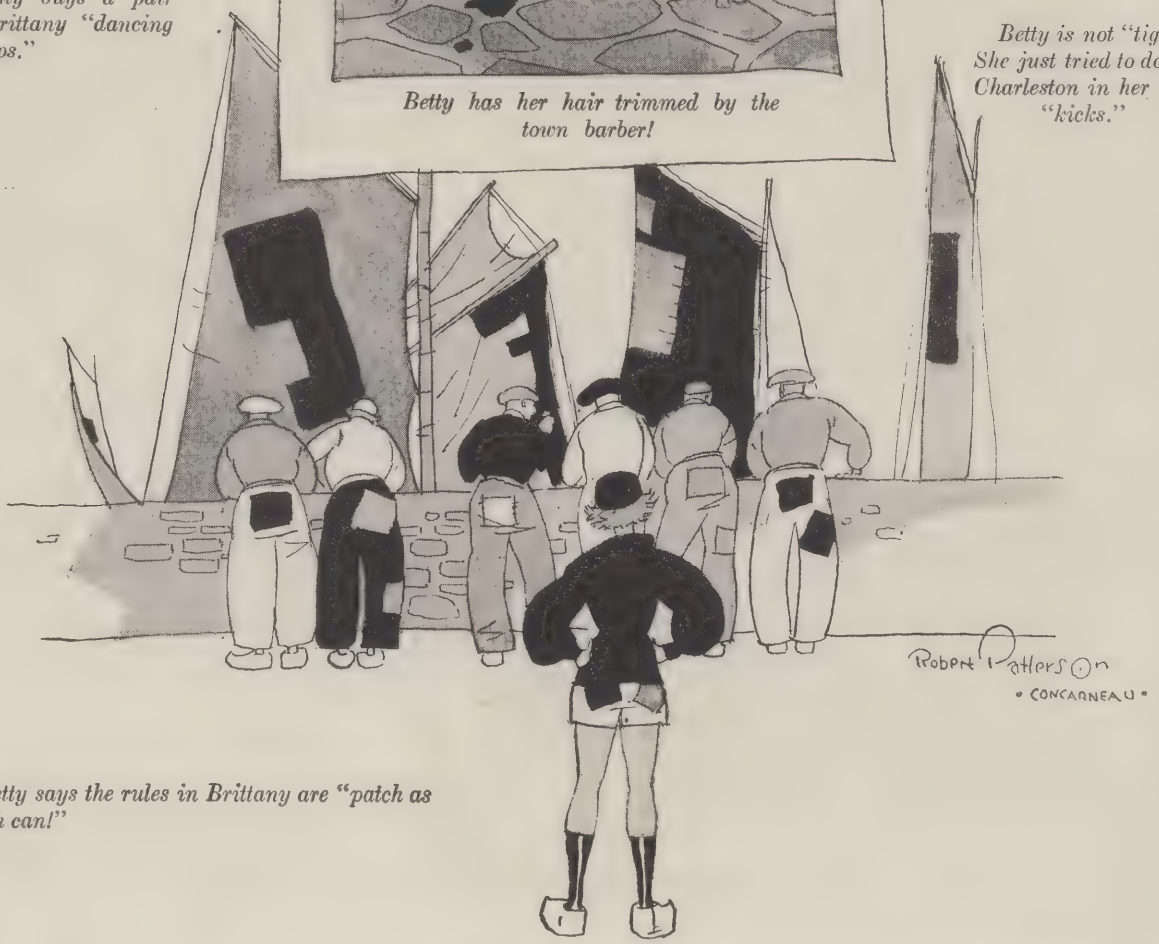
Betty goes Abroad

in Brittany

Betty buys a pair of Brittany "dancing pumps."

Betty has her hair trimmed by the town barber!

Betty is not "tight." She just tried to do the Charleston in her new "kicks."



Betty says the rules in Brittany are "patch as patch can!"

FATHER (reading)—*Man commits suicide because he's lonesome; well, what do you know about that?*

Perfect Behavior

Or How to Succeed at Your Chosen Profession—The Office Boy

IF YOU are employed as an office boy you should bear the following rules in mind: Always try to impress the boss. Act as if you appreciate the importance of your position. Drive to work in a taxi—if you must economize hire the taxi around the corner and drive up to the entrance of your place of business. This will only cost you a dime and will be worth it as an investment. It pays to put up a front.

Keep in the presence of the boss as much as possible. Let him trip over you now and then if necessary. Hide his hat. He'll have everybody in the office looking for it. Then you will find it and he'll immediately think you're the most useful one in the place.

Spoil all his pen points by jabbing them into the floor. Then when you see him trying to sign a letter or paper offer him your own fountain pen. This will serve further to impress him with your general usefulness.

Treat the boss as a pal—be the first to slap him on the back and congratulate him when he succeeds in doing something clever, such as outwitting a go-getting salesman or getting the right number the first time he calls. Show him you have a sense of humor by kidding him now and then. If he asks you if you have any bad habits, say: "No, but I'm willing to learn." If he says: "Boy, deliver this message!" answer: "I will if you can catch me!" It's wonderful the way bosses respond to such witticisms.

If the boss locks you out of his office stick around outside and whistle. This will convince him that you are always on the job and that you are perfectly contented at it.

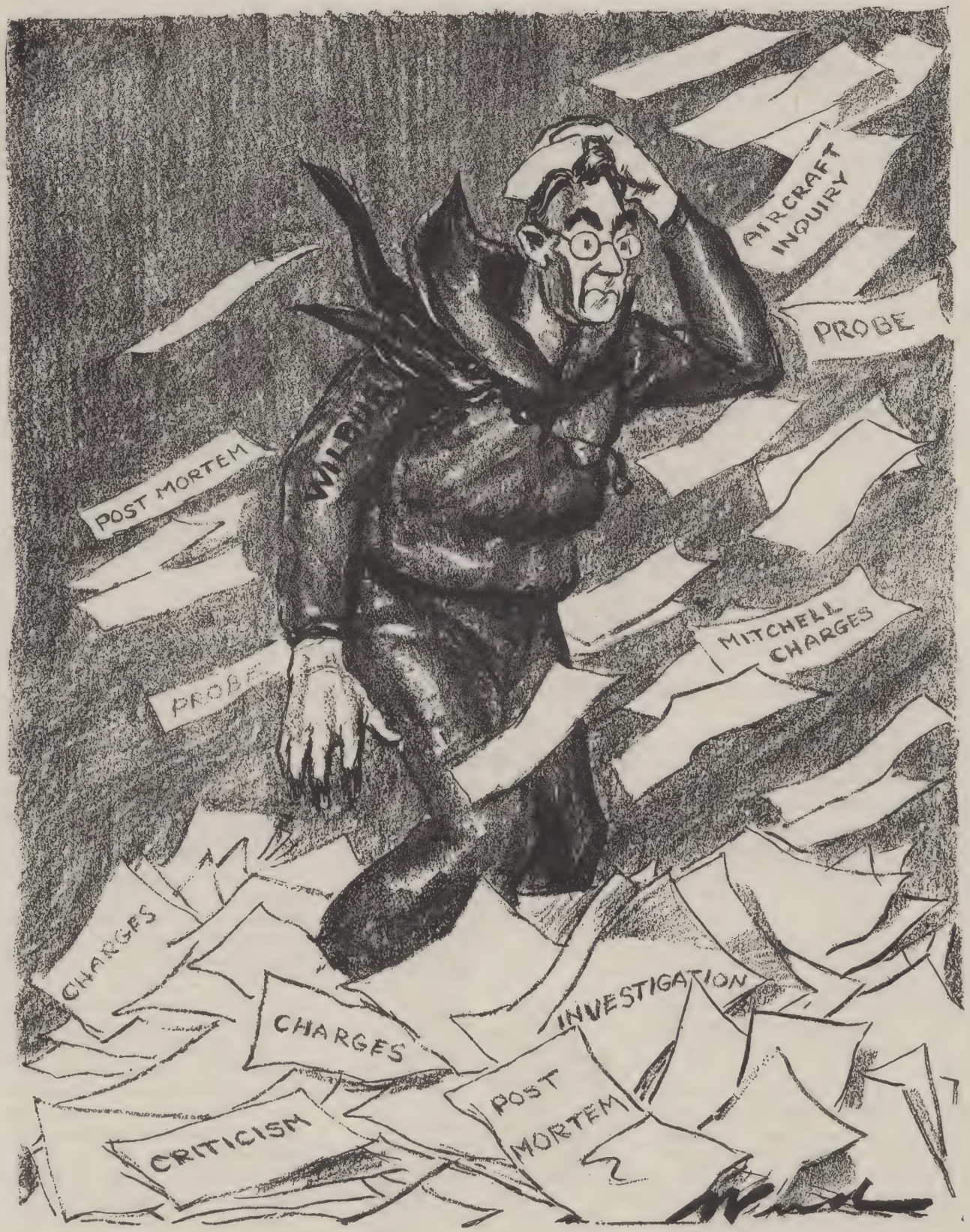
R. C. O'Brien

Funnybones

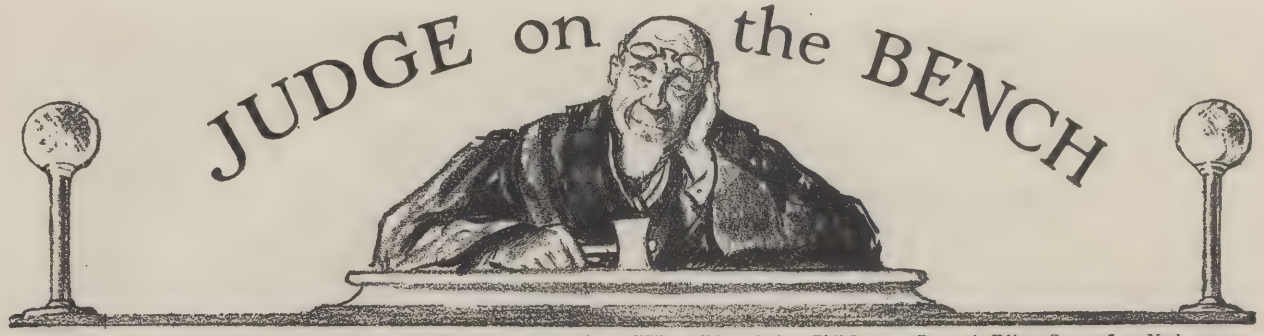
A Rotarian is a fellow who would rather be trite than be President

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

Bull in a china shop.



"GOD HELP THE SAILORS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!"



Editor, Norman Anthony. *Associate Editors*, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan.

Ride 'Em, Calvin!

FROM the Address of Calvin Coolidge to The American Legion at Omaha:

> Whatever tends to standardize the community, to establish fixed and rigid modes of thought, tends to fossilize society. . . . It is the ferment of ideas, the clash of disagreeing judgments, the privilege of the individual to develop his own thoughts and shape his own character, that makes progress possible. . . .
>
> But among some of the varying racial, religious and social groups of our people there have been manifestations of an intolerance of opinion, a narrowness of outlook, a fixity of judgment, against which we may well be warned. It is not easy to conceive of anything that would be more unfortunate in a community based upon the ideals of which Americans boast than any considerable development of intolerance as regards religion. To a great extent this country owes its beginnings to the determination of our hardy ancestors to maintain complete freedom in religion. Instead of a State church we have decreed that every citizen shall be free to follow the dictates of his own conscience as to his religious beliefs and affiliations. . . . It is for us to maintain in all good faith those liberal institutions and traditions which have been so productive of good. . . .
>
> Whether one traces his Americanism back three centuries to the *Mayflower* or three years to the steerage is not half so important as whether his Americanism of to-day is real and genuine. . . . We must all realize that there are true Americans who did not happen to be born in our section of the country, who do not attend our place of religious worship, who are not of our racial stock, or who are not proficient in our language. . . . Divine Providence has not bestowed upon any race a monopoly of patriotism and character.

The New York *World* calls this speech of the President's "highly courageous" (in which we concur). "Coming from the average public man at such a time," it says, "the speech would have been extraordinary; coming from Mr. Coolidge it is well-nigh incredible. . . . What has happened inside of him to account for the change?"

We know. It is the training he has been getting riding his electric horse.

* * * * *

INCIDENTALLY, there are several groups of citizens who must have been surprised and pained at such talk from such a source—certain patrioteers within the Legion itself, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, the fundamentalists of Tennessee. And as for the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, in its brand new palace "just across the street from the National Capitol," it will probably repudiate the President as it has the report on Prohibition of the Federal Council of Churches.

The Dirty Foreigner

NOT exactly in harmony with the President's remarks, but quite in the Christ-like manner of the Ku Klux Klan, the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals has been ascribing whatever it finds reprehensible in the literature and habits of the day to "foreigners" or "foreign influences." New York City, it says, is bombarding the West with wet progaganda, wherefore the West is wondering whether New York is "a foreign city, run by foreigners for foreigners and according to foreign ideas."

Close on the heels of this charge we ran across the following famous letter, or extract from a letter, relating to a consignment of corn, brazenly quoted in the New York *Times:*

"The times most convenient for me to receive it would be in the months of April, May and June, after the Vernal Equinox, and if there were intervals between the delivery of the respective loads of a fortnight, three weeks or even a month, it would be more accommodating than inconvenient to me. If you accede to these proposals, I shall contract for 500 barrels annually, and if my distillery goes on, to the contrary of which I know nothing, at present, it is more probable I might take 500 barrels more from you yearly, which would give you a certain market and sure pay at the Alexandria cash price, at the time of delivering each load."

This bit of wet propaganda was originally written to a relative by that dirty foreigner, that un-American traitor to his country's ideals, that alien corrupter of the pure and innocent West, George Washington.

A Prayer

WE WONDER how well complimented the West feels that the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals should consider it too tender for the wicked ways of New York. Time was when the tenderfoot was the Easterner who went West and tried to mix on equal terms with the bold, free spirits of the wide open spaces where men *were* men. To-day, if the Board of Temperance is right, the situation is reversed and the tenderfoot is he who comes from the West—from those simple, fundamentalist plains and devout mountains—to the theaters and supper clubs and other deviltries of New York. Picture the poor innocent, trapped in a den of "foreigners." His father may have packed a six-shooter, ridden for the Pony Express and shot up saloons, but he has sampled nothing more riotous than an occasional church sociable or Rotary luncheon. God pity him, and all our other butter-and-egg men!

W. M. H.

In Strict Confidence

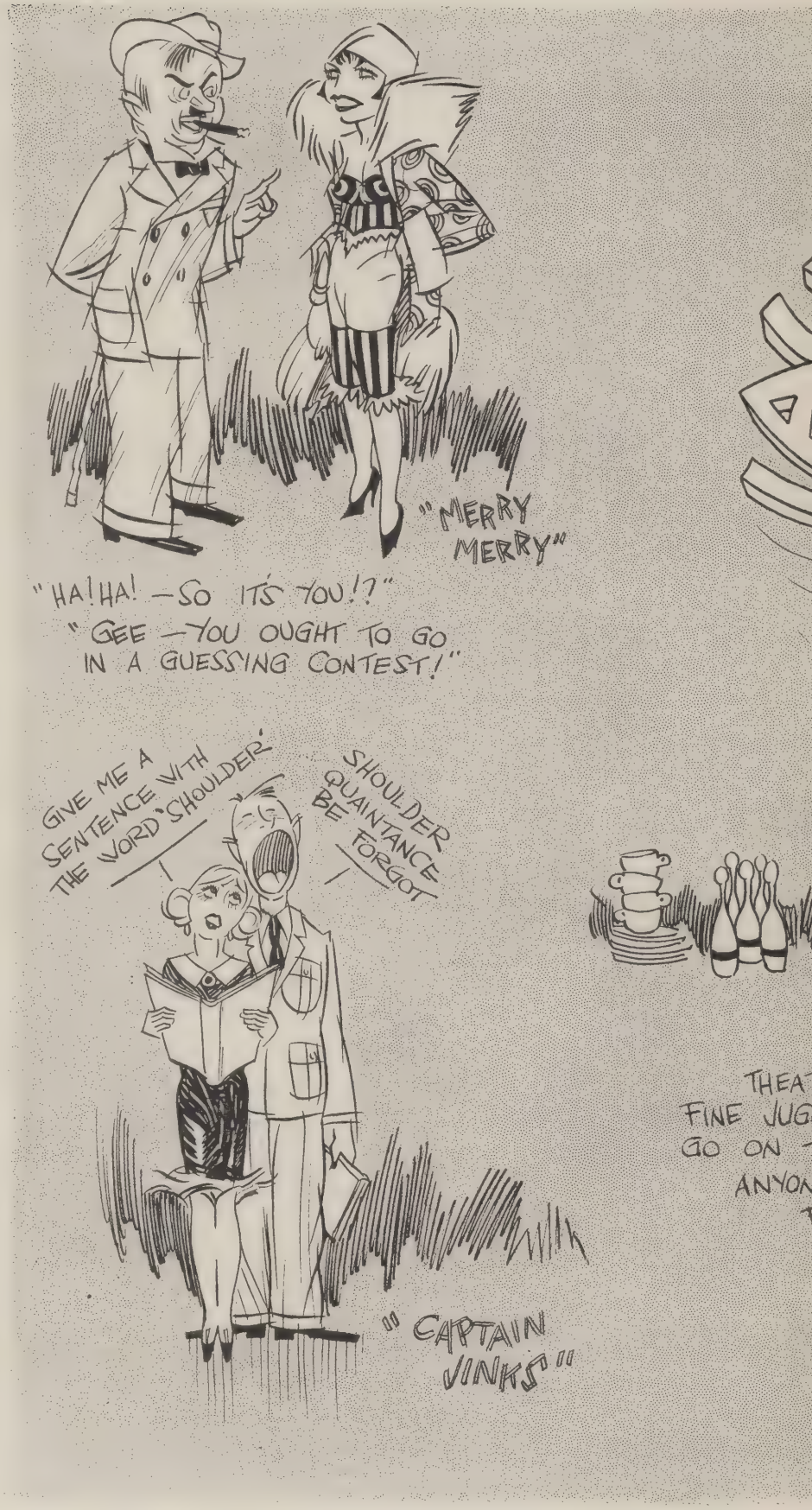
by George Jean Nathan

I

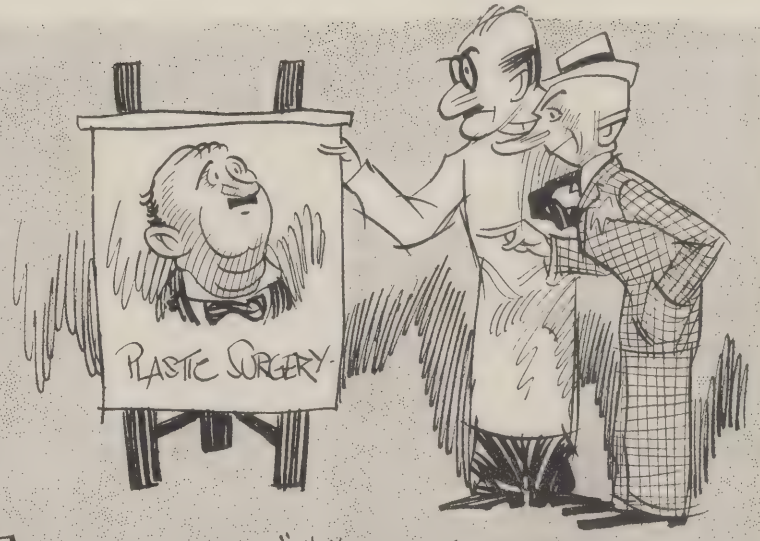
As a general rule, the more pretentious the name of a company or organization is, the surer you are to have to walk up six flights of stairs and stumble over eight or ten soap boxes and a lot of empty beer bottles to find it. Anything called simply the Standard Oil Company you'll find on the ground floor, but when you run across something elegantly named the Ultra-Imperial and Non-Pareil Transcontinental and Mid-Rumanian Novelty Company, you are safe in putting up your last nickel that it is situated in a two-by-four office next to the rear fire escape on the eleventh floor of a shaky frame building in the vicinity of the gas works.

It is the same way in the theater. The simple Arthur Hopkinses and Theater Guilds may usually be relied upon to produce the plays worth seeing, and the fancily dubbed corporations to produce the kind of plays that boost business considerably in the nearby blind pigs. The latest pompously labeled organization to heave upon the local theatrical scene is The International Playhouse. Now, it is surely reasonable to expect that anything that has the nerve to call itself The International Playhouse will at least offer something in the way of drama above the grade customarily put on by the plain Moe Ginsburgs and Leo Finkelsteins of Broadway. Something by Rostand, say, or Pirandello, or Heltai, or perhaps merely by Robert Dieudonné. But, like all such gold-labeled producing firms, what do we find this International Playhouse giving us? We find it giving us a dooflickus called "The Bridge of Distances," by no less celebrated authors than John and Ella Scrymsour, whoever in God's name they may be. And what, further, do we find this "Bridge of Distances" to be? We find it to be another of the countless Anglo-Saxon-made Chinese chowders in which punk sticks are relied upon to supply the atmosphere the playwrights have been unable to evoke, in which the Chinese characters, following the venerable stage tradition, conduct themselves

(*Continued on page 24*)

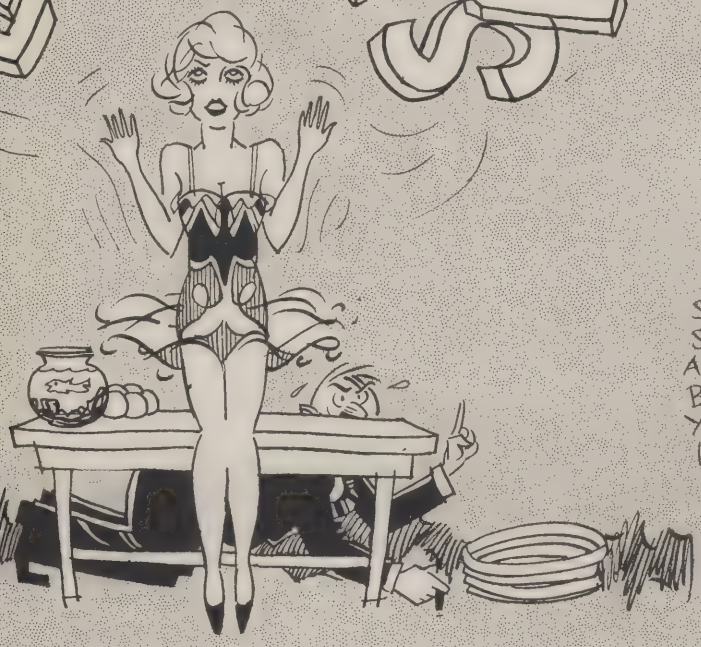


LAUGHS FROM THE SHOW



BILLY VAN — "HE'S GOT THREE CHINS AN' LOOKS LIKE HE'S BREAKING GROUND FOR ANOTHER"

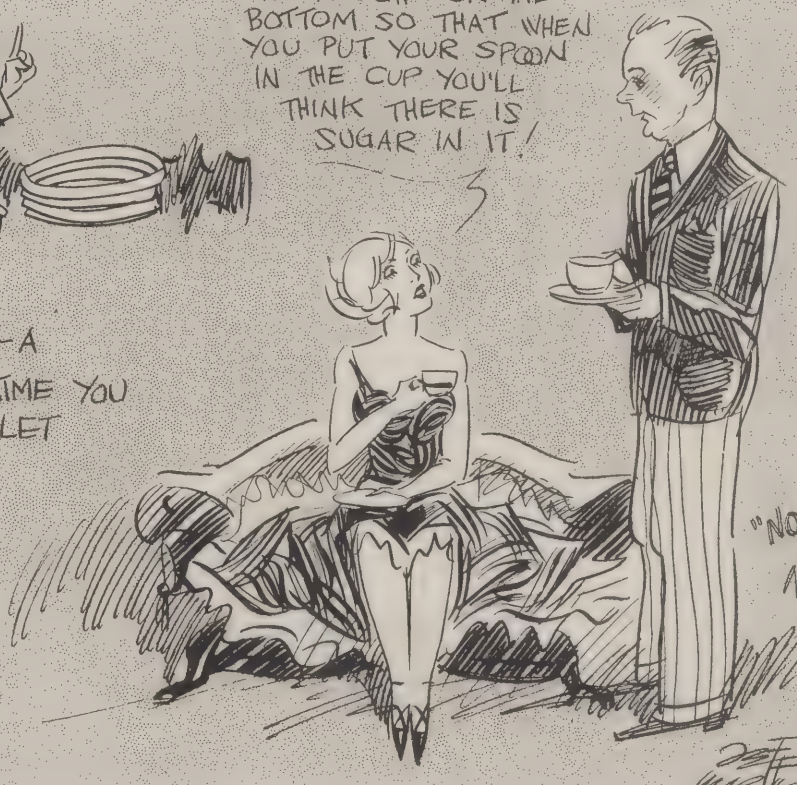
"GAY PAREE"



TIGHT! — WHY SHE'S SO TIGHT THAT SHE BUYS CUPS THAT ARE ROUGH ON THE BOTTOM SO THAT WHEN YOU PUT YOUR SPOON IN THE CUP YOU'LL THINK THERE IS SUGAR IN IT!

TRICAL MANAGER — "YEAH — A GLER YOU ARE! EVERY TIME YOU THE STAGE THEY WON'T LET E SIT IN THE FIRST FIVE ROWS — !"

"THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN"



"NO, NO, NANETTE"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Judging The Movies

by Carroll Carroll

Don Q, Son of Zorro—Seventy-five easy, pleasant lessons in how to use an Australian stock whip. A cracking good picture, with Mr. Fairbanks.

The Gold Rush—Charlie Chaplin as a shy little cornflake among the blustering snowflakes of the Klondike. Lots of fun.

Graustark—How Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien came to be king and Queen of Mr. McCutcheon's favorite country. Drop in and see them. You'll like the scenery.

The Merry Widow—Monteblanco's a nice little country too. It is now in the hands of Mr. J. Gilbert and Miss M. Murray, king and queen.

The Man on the Box—Syd Chaplin in something awful.

Shore Leave—Dick Barthelmess in a fine comedy of a boy who joined the navy to have some one to talk to.

The Wanderer—Where is my wandering boy to-night set to celluloid.

The Freshman—Harold Lloyd with a bunch of gags that aren't so fresh.

Siegfried—The movie of the myth. Don't miss it.

The Phantom of the Opera—Well, it seems there was a guy with a terrible face and his name was Lon Chaney—

Beggar on Horseback—If you haven't seen this *yet* nothing *I* can say will matter.

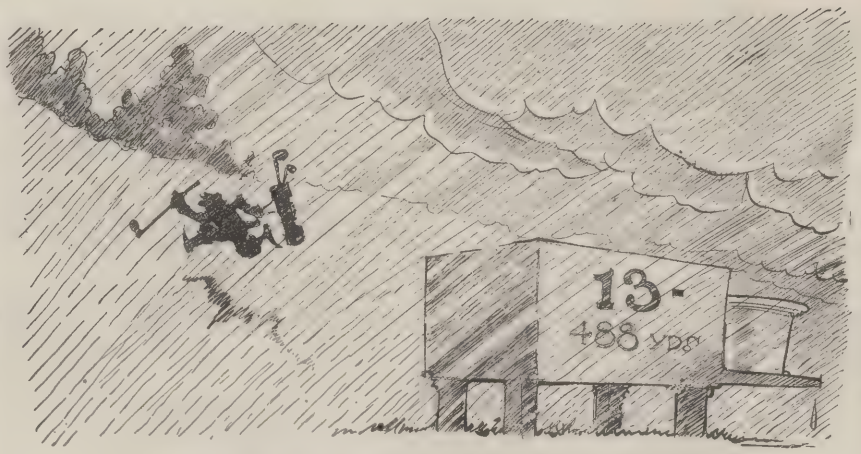
Sally of the Sawdust—It's about a circus and about as funny as you'd like it to be. With W. C. Fields, why shouldn't it be?

Kiss Me Again—I didn't care for it. That's my story and I'm going to stick to it.

A Son of His Father—Detour.

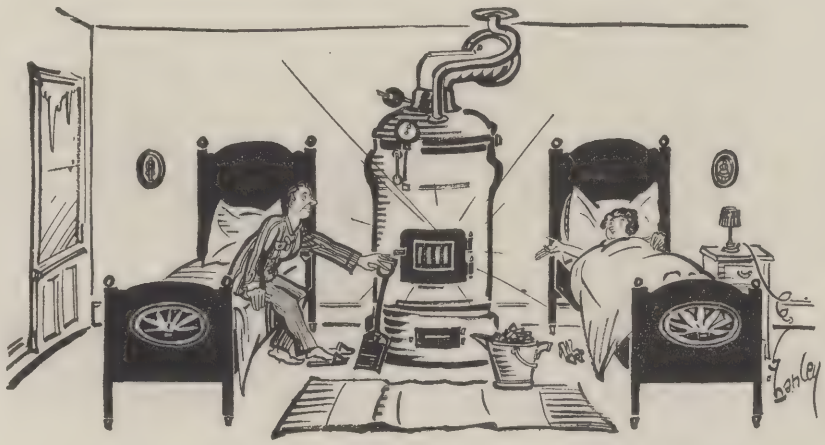
The Coast of Folly—Gloria Swanson in quite a mess.

The Pony Express—Wherein everything seems to happen for the west.



"That one day you had a fine chance to break ninety."

MAE—*Have you got your lights on?*
TOM—*No, I put my heavies on yesterday!*



"After all, the bedroom is the right place for the furnace. Keeps it warm and it's handy to attend to."

"Why do you say yours is the most up-to-date church in town, Gardenia?"

"Well, Ganzooks, it has a garage, radio store, antique shoppe, and crossword puzzle bookshop in the basement."

"Nassy flies on daddy's nose!"

Little Travels

AFGHANISTAN is a land of bare rocks, though its mountains are sometimes snow-capped. Its winters are cold and blustering and its summers dry and scorching. The natives are noted for their lack of education and clothing. They hate strangers and murder them upon the slightest provocation. Fortunately for tourists, this unattractive country is inaccessible; it can be reached only by crossing lofty mountains and wide deserts upon which soft drink stands are very few and far between indeed.

As we were traveling for pleasure we avoided Afghanistan. We went to Paris instead.

Our trip was tiring, so we seated ourselves at the tables of a sidewalk café as a means of getting back our breaths. After the usual preliminary rounds we set out on a sight-seeing tour.

Strolling along the boulevards, we paused every now and then to admire the glassware. Finally, we entered a large square. We inquired its name from one another.

"Ah!" volunteered a rather dizzy member of our party, "lookit all the buildings moving around. Zis mus' be ze Place de la Revolution." (We let him lay.)

After embracing one another we partook of a little *café noir* and continued on our way. We stopped at the Louvre to see Mona Liza. She had her twin sister in the same frame with her. Both of them smiled at us.

Later, as we toddled along, we burst into song and aria. A gendarme tried to stop us. "Isn't this L'Avenue de l'Opera?" we demanded rather huskily.

Dejected because his vocal efforts had been frowned upon, one of our men tried to drown himself in a nearby fountain. He was unsuccessful in his attempt. He explained when we fished him out that, although he had moved neither his arms nor his legs, his head had kept swimming.

"Let's all go visit Nancy!" suggested our guide.

"Too many of us," said somebody, and we let it go at that.

Before we quitted France we spent some time in Blois and Rochefort, in the heart of the fromage belt.

R. C. O'Brien

"Do you think Rousseau was right about his Social Compact theory?"

"I don't see how us girls could get along without them."

—Notre Dame Juggler

Bulla!

Mamie de Payster came home to Mamma de Payster after a big party and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I met the most wonderful boy, George Raynger."

Mamma de Payster chuckled roguishly: "Is he one of those Texas rangers, my dear, I've heard so much about them." —*Chicago Phoenix*

The world's best after-dinner Speech—"Waiter, give me both checks." —*Princeton Tiger*

"I feel as though I were going to have appendicitis."

"Well, I need a new gown, so you'll just have to wait."

—Pitt Panther

THE CHEER

A young woman goes upstairs at seven forty-five to dress for the evening. She is nineteen years old and weighs 102 pounds. State the wait of the young man downstairs.

—*Denver Parrakeet*

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," remarked the Arab as his Ford expired on the desert.

—*Middlebury Blue Baboon*

Juan—*Every kiss intoxicates me. Won't you let me be your drunkard?*

Juanita—*Yes, but on the condition that you won't mix your drinks.*

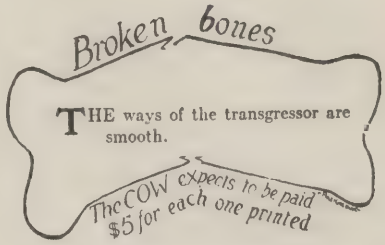
—Princeton Tiger

A Wench—My husband went to church this morning.

A Baggage—My husband's Sunday morning paper didn't come, either. —*Texas Ranger*

Question—Dear Miss Rarecracks—Sometimes college men to whom I have not been formally introduced speak to me from their cars. Should I return their greeting?

Answer—What kind of a car is it? —*Chicago Phoenix*



—Williams Purple Cow

He (absent-mindedly)—You're a dear, sweet girl, Anna.

She—Why, Harry; my name is Sue!

(*Recovering*)—"I say you're a dear, sweet girl, an' I love you with all my heart." —*Texas Ranger*

"What started the explosion?"

"The powder on father's sleeve when he came home from the lodge meeting." —*Toronto Goblin*

Recipe for Happiness—Get your girl's number!

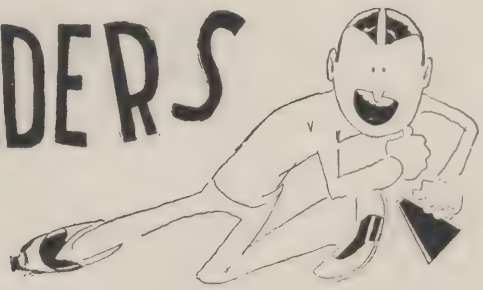
—*Notre Dame Juggler*

Mary—*I was motoring with Harold last night and he had to stop once because he lost his bearings.*

Cary—*Well, at least he was original. Most fellows run out of gas.*

—Williams Purple Cow

LEADERS



Has Your Father Got a Cop Suit?

HE CAME up to me before dinner the other night and whispers in my ear confidential like. "Say," says he, "has your father got a cop suit?"

"I'll bite," I replies, "let me in the mystic brotherhood. I haven't got one with me, but I know a damn good bootlegger who—"

But that wasn't the right track. "No," says he, "you got me wrong. Has your father got a cop suit?"

"Oh, I get you," I replies, "but I'm not an Elk, nor am I a Bull Moose, a Mason, a Knight Templar, a Ku Kluxer, nor a Y. P. R. U. I *am* a B. C. A., though."

"Hell, no," he says, "*hell*, no! *Has your father got a cop suit?*"

"How dense of me," I ejaculate at that, "how dense of me! Of course! Of course! But you're wrong again, old man, I never made Phi Bete, nor Sigma Xi either."

"*Has your father got a cop suit?*" he bellowed at me then.

"*No!*" I roared, "*No, he hasn't! No! No! And so's your aunt!*"

"Huzzah!" he cried at that, "Huzzah! *That's the answer!* Huzzah! Huzzah!" And he was still standing in the middle of the campus crying "Huzzah!" when I left him.

—*Brown Jug*

***

Vassar—History repeats itself!

St. Mary's—Meaning just what?

"Well, necromancy seems to be coming in again."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

MODEL—*How much am I to receive for posing?*

ARTIST—*If I sell the picture you'll get $10 a day, if I don't, you can have the picture and that's worth $3,000.*

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

***

"How did you like the gymnasium number of JUDGE?"

"I don't believe I recall it."

"Certainly you do. It was written for dumb-bells."

—*Middlebury Blue Baboon*

Surely Not!

Catherine—The days of miracles are over.

Kathryn— I don't know about that. I read an article the other day that set me thinking—

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

"*Wonderful sunrises we're having these spring mornings, aren't we?*"

"*Dunno. I've been getting to bed early for the last few weeks.*"

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

INQUIRING VISITOR—*To what do you attribute your long life, uncle?*

OLDEST INHABITANT—*Well, I don't rightly know. Several of them patent medicine companies is bargaining with me now.*

—PRINCETON TIGER

About Helen

A man named
Fall
Married a girl named
Helen.
Now, of course, she is
Helen Fall.
He says that the worst
Of it is that
She's the same in
Winter
Spring and
Summer.

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

HE—*Why the fan?*

SHE—*I'm smiling.*

"*You don't mean—*"

"*Yes.*"

"*My God.*"

(*That's the insidious thing about big tonsils.*).

—WILLIAMS PURPLE COW

"Waiter, I wish to dine very well to-night, what would you suggest?"

"The restaurant around the corner, sir." —*Nagels Lustige Welt*

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Adroit"

"I would have more money in the bank but adroit out too often."

"I Seen It in the Movies"

"You have been convicted of murder in the first degree," thundered the judge. "Have you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you?"

"Only this," answered the prisoner. "A month ago to-day I returned from Europe and met Joe Gulch, the murdered man. He had been my friend for many years. I started to tell him about my trip. 'Joe,' I said, 'you really should see the palace at Versailles.'

" 'Oh, you can't tell me nothing about that,' he replied. 'I saw that in the new movie called "The Price of Pleasure" with Martha McMarr.'

" 'Well, then, let me tell you about Westminster Abbey,' I suggested. Immediately he shouted, 'I know just what it's like. I saw it in that movie called "The Britain's Bride" with Harold Hairoil and Mamie Brakeband. I know just how those places look.'

"I'd have kept still from that point on, but he wanted to hear more about my trip and points of interest I had visited. 'Tell me more,' he kept insisting.

"So I began to describe Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. 'Know all about that, too,' he said. 'Saw it in that picture with Lon Chaney called "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." I described the Rock of Gibraltar and he had seen that at a movie the night before. I gave him a word picture of The Louvre, but he had just seen a new movie, 'Paris By Night,' and knew all about it.

"I was ready to bow before his superior European knowledge gained from American-made movies, but he was insistent. 'Tell me about more places of interest,' he begged. I told him about The Pyramids and he had already seen them in a picturization of 'The Sheik.' I mentioned Sherwood Forest and he had seen the forest in the movie version of 'Robin Hood.' Every place I tried to tell him about he had seen in some movie. Finally, I thought I had a trump up my sleeve and I said to him, 'Let me tell you of my secret visit to the most carefully guarded harem in the world.'

" 'Hah, hah!' he smirked. 'I know all about it. Saw it last week on "Hattie of the Harem," a new super-supersuper five-reel picture with Volga Velotzky.' "

"It was too much, your honor. I shot him."

"Sentence suspended," said the judge. "Also accept my sympathies, young man. I got back from Europe two weeks ago and my wife is a movie fan too." *Hugh Wood*

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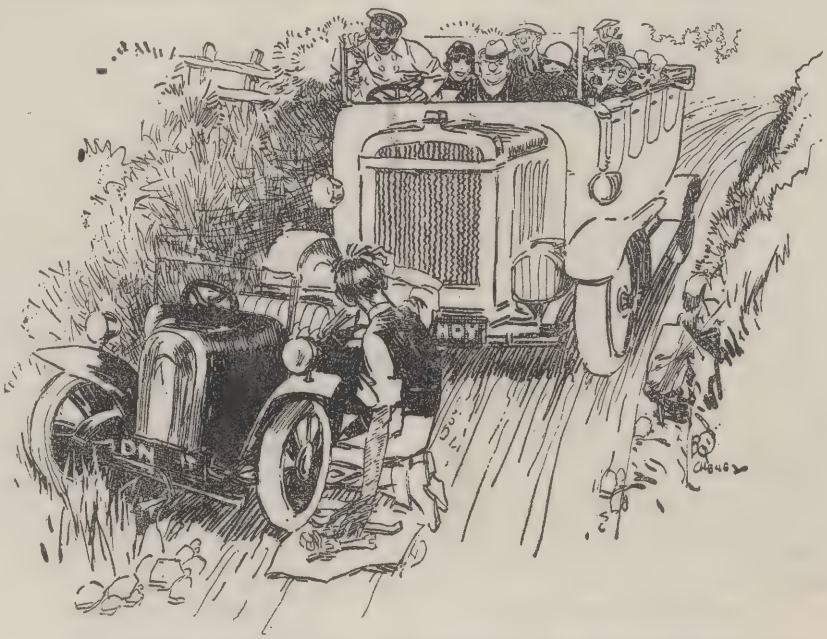

Bus Driver (kindly)—Now, then, Arnold, 'op off an' play wiv yer little toy somewhere else, cawn't yer? —*Passing Show* (London)

Goliath's Alibi

I GOT framed on, double-crossed, see?

No li'l runty high school kid ever licked me an' ever will. Just before I goes into the ring wit' this shrimp David I gets a tip there's fifty bucks in it if I lay offa him until the second roun', see?

I'm a square guy. I says sure I'll let him live the firs' roun'. But I sees somethin's wrong right away. I'm supposed to fight wit' a fifty-poun' club an' him wit' t'ree-ounce pebbles, see? Them li'l rocks don't even tickle me. I keep outa his way the firs' roun'.

An' what happens? I walks out the nex' roun' to smear him all over the ring, but he don't fight fair, see? His secon's sneaks in a pile o' rocks as big as ostrich eggs.

Before I can get wise he loads his slingshot wit' a five-poun' hunka granite an' smacks me in the nose. I hollers but the referee's in wit' 'em an' don't do nothin', see? Wot happens nex'? This Davey kid uppercuts seven-poun's o' sharp rock to me chin an' follers wit' a ten-poun' brick to me kidneys, see?

I knows I'm framed to lose so when he flips a twelve-poun' slab to me right lamp I figgers it ain't no use tryin' to fight a flyin' quarry in a frame-up bout, so I jus' slips down an' lets 'em count me out. But if I getta return match wit' this li'l Percy-boy David I'll knock him so far it'll take his secon's a montha Yom Kippurs to find out where he landed, see? *Chet Johnson*

The Major—Yes, sir, I am a man of few words.

The Other—I understand perfectly; I'm married myself.

—*London Mail*

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It may be a little bit

NAUGHTY

but then, we ask you, how else could we get out a

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?

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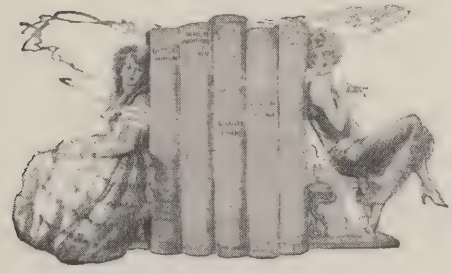

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Wife (at 2 A.M.)—If I only knew where you'd been!
Husband—Honi soit qui mal y pense.
"There you go. Whenever you come home in that condition you start using bad language." —*London Opinion*

In Strict Confidence

(*Continued from page 17*)

with the stoic immobility of feature and body customarily associated with tombstone statues, in which every other minute some one bows low and reverentially mentions his forefathers, and in which there is no more of authentic Chinese than one encounters in the average New York dish of chop suey.

This preposterous stuff the so-called International Playhouse, with a perfectly straight face, presents in the name of dramatic art. If this is dramatic art, three cheers, a tiger and a couple of prosits for Al Reeves.

II

IN neither "The Holy Terror" nor "Applesauce" can I discover anything to send up skyrockets about. Yet it is to be said in favor of the producers of these exhibits that, unlike the sponsors of The International Playhouse, they have made no more claim to art, so far as their shows are concerned, than the average Greek lays claim to being a water lily. They have, to the contrary, quite honestly put on the plays in the hope that the latter might interest the proletariat sufficiently to fatten up their accounts in the Union Dime Savings Bank. And that, it seems to me, is not so unpraiseworthy a purpose as the theatrical reviewers, including myself, occasionally argue it is. True enough, so far as this particular old rooster goes, plays like "The Holy Terror" and "Applesauce" might better be left unproduced and plays like Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain" and "Marco's Millions" be produced in their stead. But there are many persons who seem to think otherwise and who are happy to

The latest long-needed invention—an apparatus for making unwilling passengers move on. —*Nagels Lustige Welt*

"Please can we have our ball?"
"Certainly, my little man. Where is it? In the back garden?"
"No, ma'am! In the front room!" —*Humorist*

spend their money to support their belief—and it is to these persons that Mr. Herndon and Mr. Golden, the producers in question, address themselves. So far as I am concerned, they know that I don't pay a cent to see their plays, so they very properly chalk me off as a dead loss.

For the benefit of future historians of the theater it may be said that "The Holy Terror" is the work of the MM. Winchell Smith and George Abbott, and "Applesauce" the confection of the M. Barry Conners.

III

At this point in my weekly sermon, if not long before, I always pray for something that I can praise without stint, so folks won't charge me with being a professional sourball who can't see any good in anything. This week, however, my prayer has gone unanswered, for "Accused," the Brieux play which Mr. Belasco has put on in his usual careful manner, shows nothing that deserves any hallelujahs. As a matter of fact, try as I will in order to preserve my reputation for geniality, I find myself agreeing with Professor Doctor Percy Hammond that it is little more than a long-winded bore. I don't like to say this because it spoils this article by pitching it in too much of the same fault-finding key, but, alas, there's no way out of it.

E. H. Sothern is starred in the play and gives a very satisfactory performance of a rôle that keeps him constantly on the stage. In addition, Mr. Sothern, who must be going on seventy, still looks so young that one feels he must have answered all the advertisements one sees in the backs of the magazines.

⁂

A silver penny, about 700 years old, has been unearthed at West Wycombe. It would be a graceful gesture on the part of America if she allowed this country to retain it.
—*London Opinion*

Back to the Land

Rastus, on his first ocean voyage, was feeling the pangs of seasickness.

"Ho, ho!" taunted his companions. "You are a land lubbah, fo' sho'."

"Right, boy," said Rastus, weakly. "And I's jes' finding out how much I really lubs it." —*St. John Globe*

Switched Dates Are Gay Affairs If Only—

Life was hectic. So far as Capri could gather from extensive prying, something had to be done about the Henry-Dorothy infatuation.

"Let's switch our dates tonight!" Capri suggested. "You take Huntly, and I'll take Henry. Come on!"

"What's the idea?" asked Dorothy.

"No great idea. Just for variety. I'm kinda fed up with Wiggle. He gets to be sort of a silly ass when you see him every night without any intermission."

"Bill's just as wet when you know him as well as I do," Dorothy shrugged.

"All right. Then it's fixed."

"Smack here," murmured Dorothy.

A crescent of October moon hung over the tree tops as Henry Billings pointed the nose of his roadster north and opened up. In the seat beside him Capri slouched and pressed one shoulder comfortably against Henry's arm. . . .

¶ *But what happened next gave Capri the surprise of her young life! See "*Help Wanted—Male*" by Arthur T. Munyan, in the current issue of* Snappy Stories.

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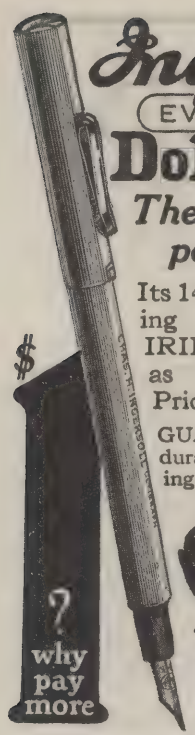

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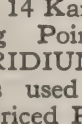

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Ask Your Dealer—if he cannot supply you we will fill your order, charges prepaid, upon receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Specify model — ***Men's, Women's, Juniors'.***

Dealers—Order a dozen at trade price, guaranteed to meet your approval, or write for details of liberal proposition.

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MEN—Stop Falling Hair!

GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Send for "GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on Scalp and Hair." It will show you practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

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Cellarette, side-board or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

BOYS & GIRLS **Earn $2.00** BE FIRST IN YOUR TOWN

WRITE NOW for 50 Sets Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. We Trust You Until Christmas Day.
Neubecker Bros., Dept. 182, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Down in Ol' Virginny

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sir: I am writing you in regard to an editorial decision handed down from the Judge on the Bench in the September 12 issue of JUDGE, under the heading "O Temperance! O Morons!" which struck me, you might well say, as being different.

About twelve or thirteen years ago I was driving out toward the York River one sunshiny October day, over an old-time Virginia dirt road, and about six miles from the old colonial city of Williamsburg I came suddenly upon a small group of grayish painted buildings consisting of a modest frame house and numerous small outbuildings, *et cellar* er—perhaps underneath, but that is beside the point.

The surrounding grounds were swept as clean as a floor. Not a living soul was in sight, the silence complete until a solitary crow, taking flight overhead, created a sound that in the stillness almost amounted to an explosion. The farm lands were cleaned as I have said to a degree seldom if ever seen in this happy land of ours. The driver, in answer to the question, "Who lives there?" said, "Old Mr. Morecan, and he sweeps out his woods. He and his wife live out here and I have heard he has an eating place in New York."

Silence. Old Mr. Morecan and his eating place in New York! Shades of the things we have read about descend upon us! Just then my attention was directed from gazing at the woods that had been swept out so neatly to across the fence lining the road, and I saw a sight that some way I have never ceased to remember. A pair of softly trotting ponies almost noiseless on the heavy, close cropped grass, attached to what may be known as a "buckboard," yellow in color, with two seats. On the front seat was a rather portly-looking old gentleman, ruddy faced, graybearded, who held the reins, driving smartly along the side of the field. Beside him was a little old lady with the brightest old eyes I have ever seen, sitting sedately, at ease with all the world. She was dressed in several colors, browns and grays and something blue that seemed perfectly in harmony with the brilliant October sunshine, the sky and earth all happily blended. Enough said. That was Henri Mouquin and Madame Mouquin, long resident in Virginia, brightening with cheery kindliness and world intelligence all their neighborhood, and far away enough, indeed, from his "New York eating place!"

Many times did I see them afterwards driving about the country roads, always together, seemingly a part of the quiet landscape and blending

"Well, well, youngster, why the tears?"

"My poor, poor father is dead, my mother is dead, my grandfather is in heaven, all my brothers and sisters are gone and buried—and if I have to go back home without any money they'llknock th' stuffin' out of me!"

—*Le Petit Bleu*

"My dear, don't you think your husband would look better with two pairs of stockings?"

"Goodness, no! He's got three pairs on now!" —*Le Rire*

so perfectly with their surroundings. Of course Henri Mouquin and Madame have not "been dead these many years," for he is still rather hale and hearty-looking, but with a great change. Madame Mouquin died this year about June, well approaching the century mark, and is buried in Cedar Grove Cemetery which so quietly holds those who have passed on. Yet Cedar Grove is not much more quiet, if at all, than the grayish group of buildings overlooking the York River and flanked by the "woods which are swept out."

Susan A. Price, M.D.

Williamsburg, Va.
September 20, 1925.

Sweet and Low

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Gentlemen: If Prohibition did nothing more than fill our jails with men who would otherwise be drunk, it did a fine thing and is worthy of our support.

I suppose you are a bunch who most certainly violate the Eighteenth Amendment and it is a safe bet almost every other law, even the law of decency.

Your paper surely reflects a loathsome moral status.

You may take this as a cancellation of my subscription at expiration. As they come I will try to see that some bawdy house gets them for their reception-room, or burn them as incense or nonsense.

C. C. Pletcher

Oakland, Cal.
September 9, 1925.

He Struck a Bone

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Gentlemen: I received my first two copies of JUDGE this morning and for the most part enjoyed the wit and humor contained therein.

Allow me to state that I think the paper would be vastly improved if it were not disgraced with page fifteen (the editorial page). I presume it was prepared in an attempt to be funny along with the rest of the paper, but it falls far short of the mark!

Sincerely yours,

L. K. Hallock, D.O.

Roodhouse, Ill.
September 16, 1925.

When Bedtime Comes

To the Editors of JUDGE:

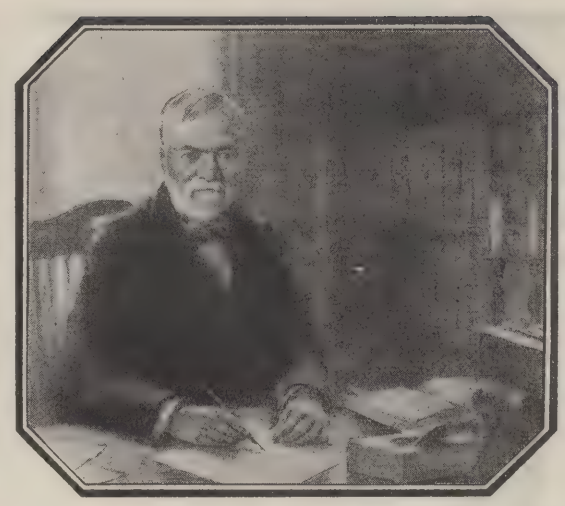
Dear Sir: I always turn to the editorial sheet as soon as I receive your magazine to see what "W. M. H." has to say, and I am greatly thankful that I have not the idea that Dr. Davenport has, wherein he brands W. M. H. as an undesirable, probably kicked out of a 100 per cent. American order. I hope the doctor is not again referring to the Ku Klux Klan when he calls an order a 100 per cent. American order, for that would be foolish. But the Klan cannot help it; their minds have been poisoned with foolish thoughts of religion. But they will soon see that to hold "Masquerade Excursions" it is necessary to have something under the mask. So far they have nothing there; it is just child's play that must end when "bedtime" comes.

Hoping Dr. Davenport moves to Illinois, so he can help the Klansmen, when they preach a religion that the public don't fall for.

I am,

Matthew Hillick, Jr.

Jersey City, N. J.
September 5, 1925.



"I would not exchange it—

said Andrew Carnegie

for all the millions that were ever amassed by man"

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CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more.

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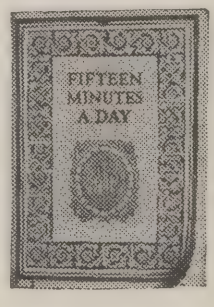
This handsome and famous book tells how Dr. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching, selected for *you* the few really great books that everyone must know to be well-read, and how in only fifteen minutes a day you can gain from this *wasteless* library the broad viewpoint and the culture that are the tools of success in modern life.



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Do not enclose postage for FUNNYBONES or EPILAUGHS as *they will not be returned.*

In cases of duplication, the first one received will be accepted.

For prompt attention address manuscripts, in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE,
Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,
Epilaughs—Epilaugh Editor of JUDGE,
Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE,
Lizzie Labels—Lizzie Label Editor of JUDGE.

627 West 43d Street, New York City

JUDGE
JUNIOR
(*Himself*)

Will take the air each Wednesday at 7 P. M.

WJZ

Listen in and hear the latest thing in "High Hat" song and story.

The absent-minded barber.

Modern Photography

NOTHING, perhaps, has changed more in the past thirty years than the art of the photographer. In the old days, one entered an unassuming room, leaned one's head against an iron rest, and draped the left hand over an Ionic column—and that was that. The result caused many a happy smile, and cost $2 a dozen.

Not so to-day! One enters a large and beautifully decorated studio, furnished with genuine antiques from Grand Rapids. The photographer is an artist and a modern one. He spends the whole morning over your face. "I want to bring out the bitterness in your soul," your modern photographer says in an intense voice. "Yours has been an unhappy life, and you have been bitterly misunderstood by your relatives." (You are so pleased with this dig at your family that you smile all over yourself. At which he raises his hand in protest.) "Pray do not smile!" he begs. "It is your soul I am after!"

As you go out and hear the bad news from the secretary you are inclined to think that it is your life's savings he is after. The proofs arrive and you eagerly examine them. They look a bit hazy—as though you had been wearing a wet cloud in front of your face, but perhaps this is an advantage. Of course, if you look like Valentino, it may not be so good, but personally I am all for the hazy effect. *Thomas Edgelow*

EPILAUGHS

Here lie the bones of Lemmy Ten Jones,
He lemmied me to the limit,
Till I found him worth five,
dead, not alive,
I shot him for all there was in it.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Money Talks!

About 100,000 people have tried this remarkable hair-growing method. Each had the privilege of getting his money back. Yet when the 30-day trial period expired—only 3 out of every 100 asked for a refund. And they got it instantly!

The same square guarantee is open to you. No strings—no loopholes—no alibis—no "ifs" or "buts" or "maybes"—if my new method doesn't grow new hair for you in 30 days—I'll send you my check refunding every penny you have paid and the trial will have cost you absolutely NOTHING!

I Guarantee YOU New Hair In 30 Days—*Or I Pay All Costs!*

By Alois Merke
Founder of Famous Merke Institute
Fifth Avenue, New York

GRASP this chance. Start now and save yourself from the tragedy of baldness. Let me prove to you—without a cent of risk—that you can grow new hair in 30 days!

An Amazing Contract

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how little of it is now left — no matter how many treatments you have tried without results—I absolutely guarantee that my new method will give you new hair in 30 days or the trial costs you nothing!

Why I Make It

I have found during many years research and from experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness at the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., that in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead — but merely *dormant.*

It is useless and a waste of time and money to try and get down to these under-nourished roots with the average tonic or with massages, crude oil, etc., for such measures only treat the *surface* of the skin.

My Method Gets To the ROOTS

But my scientific system involves the application of entirely new principles in stimulating hair growth. It penetrates below the surface of the scalp and gets right to the cause of most hair troubles—the starving, dormant roots. It provides not only an efficient way of reviving and invigorating these inactive roots, but of giving them the nourishment they need to grow hair again. And the fine thing about my system is the fact that it is simple and can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest *discomfort or inconvenience.*

No Cost If It Fails

Of course there are a few cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. Yet so many hundreds of men and women whose hair was coming out almost by "handfuls" have seen their hair grow in again as the shrunken roots acquired new life and vitality that I am willing to let you try my treatment at my risk for 30 days. Then if you are not more than delighted with the new growth of hair produced, write me immediately. Tell me my system has not done what I said it would, and the 30-day trial won't cost you a cent.

Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet which describes in detail my successful system which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 810, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.
Dept. 810, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

RESULTS

Results Gratifying

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. I used hair tonics constantly, but four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment I have quite a new crop of hair one inch long."—F. H. B., New York.

Hair About Gone

"My hair has been falling for the last two years and I had hardly any more hair on the front of my head. But since I started using your treatment I am raising a new crop of hair. Your treatment is best I ever saw."— O. J. Northbridge, Mass.

New Hair Growing

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in."—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

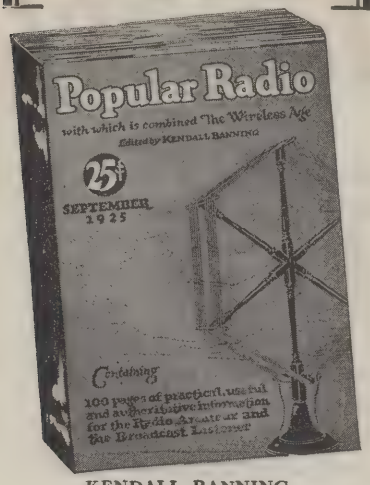
New Hair on Bald Spots

"I have used Thermocap Treatment for 8 weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for 6 years the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. C., Kenmore, Ohio.

Can't Say Enough For It!

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Thermocap. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."—G. G., Texas.

The magazine with the SILVER COVER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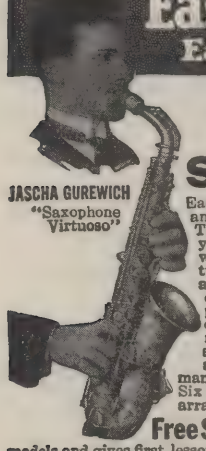

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The Cat—Did you ever see such bad taste? There's Edith wearing a champagne frock and drinking port. —*London Mail*

"Why has the car stopped?"

"We are short of alcohol."

"But this car doesn't run on alcohol."

"No—but the chauffeur does."

—*Szczutek, Lwow*

It has been suggested that the Statue of Liberty should be removed from New York Harbor. But why? No one appreciates a good joke more than an American. —*Eve*

More than a murder a day has been committed in Chicago since January 1. People are lucky to live in Chicago. —*Passing Show*

Terence—'Tis a fine lad ye have here. A magnificent head and noble features. Could ye lend me a couple of dollars?

Pat—I could not. 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband.

—*London Telegraph*

Husband—Here comes Brown, I wish I could dodge the old gasbag!

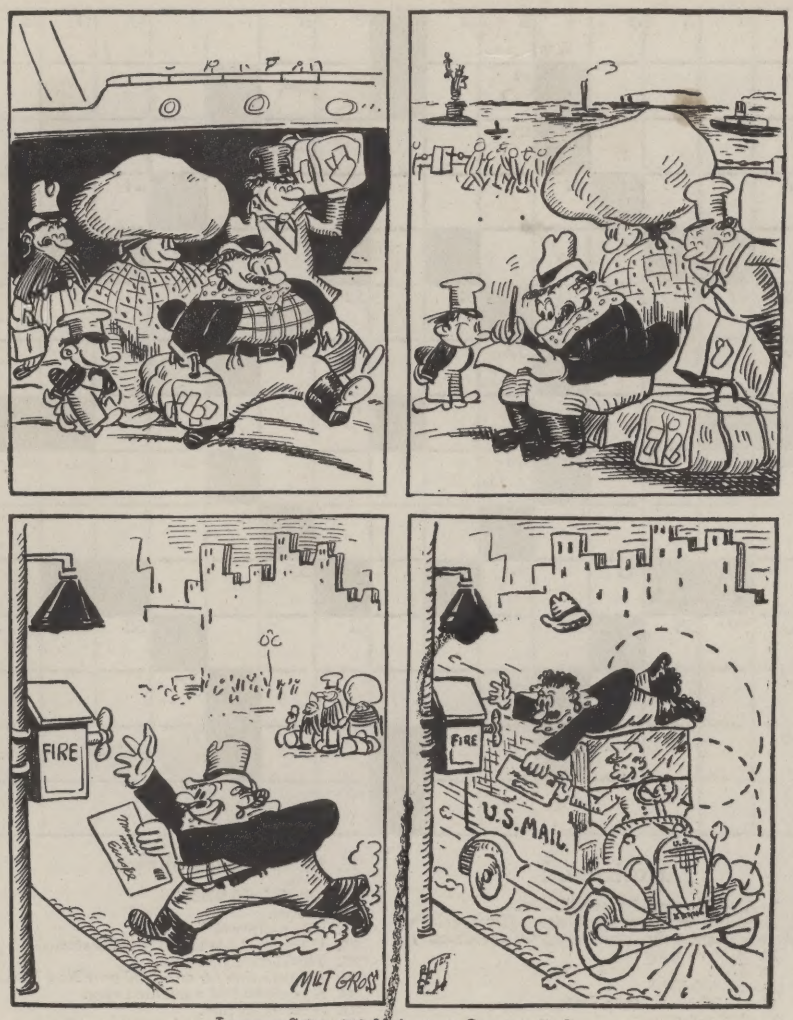
Wife—Well, dear, here's the very place. I know the woman in the milliner' .

"So do I. No, I'd rather meet Brown."

—*Passing Show*

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

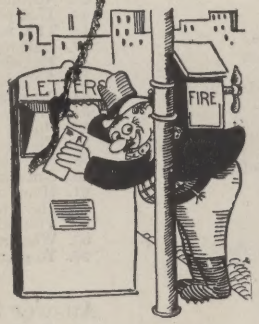
Contest No. 9



Laurence Cotter, 910 Main street, Boonton, N. J.

Runners Up

John Kunkle, Boonville, N. Y.



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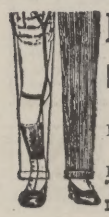

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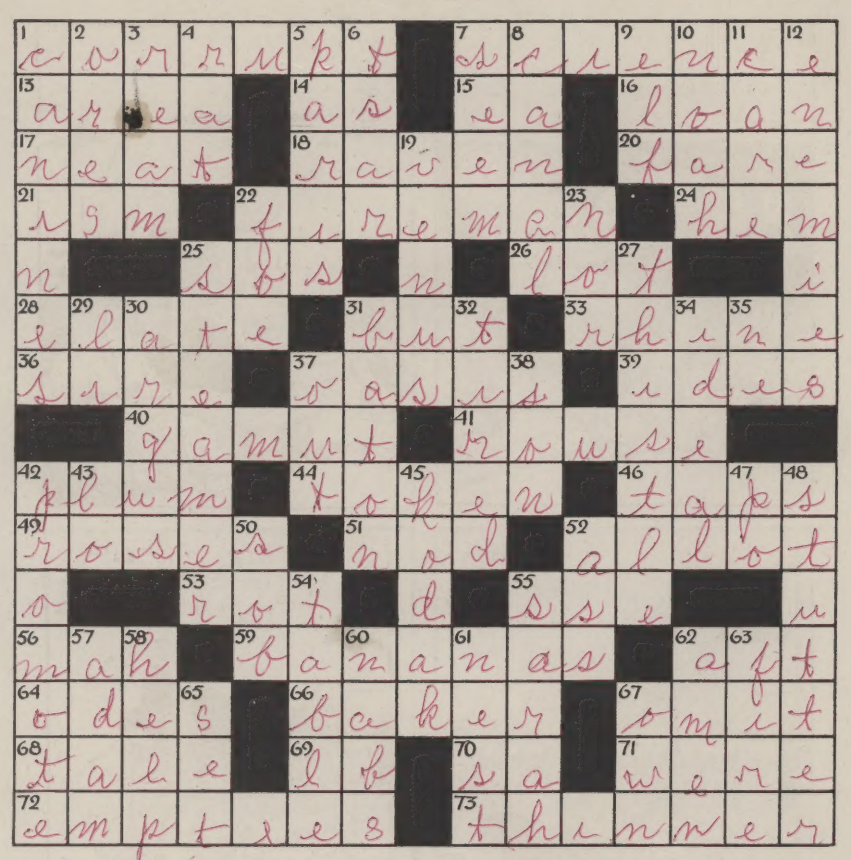
American Xmas Seal Co., Dept. 33, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "Judge," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925, State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Douglas H. Cooke, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of "Judge," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Editor Norman Anthony, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Norman Anthony, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Business Manager, Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: Leslie-Judge Company, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Estate of William Green, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; and New Fiction Publishing Corporation, 627 West 43d Street, New York City, whose stockholders are: Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Vernal W. Bates, 46 George Street, New Haven, Conn; Wiley Blair, 4607 Ross Avenue, Dallas, Texas; Harold B. Emerson, 9 East 40th Street, New York City; Estate of William Green, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; *Harris Corporation, 34 Pine Street, New York City; Le Roy Sargent, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Abel I. Smith, 120 Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Strouse, Samuel Falk and Frank C. Fisher, Trustees in bankruptcy of Metropolitan Finance Corporation, 9 East 40th Street, New York City. *Harris Corporation with the following as Trustees in dissolution of Harvey Fisk & Sons (1921) now dissolved; John Donovan, 30 Church Street, New York City; Harvey Fisk, 34 Pine Street, New York City; Wilfred Jessup, Connersville, Ind.; Henry W. Peacock, Jr., 34 Pine Street, New York City; Joseph M. Shellabarger, 30 Church Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Douglas H. Cooke, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1925. Joseph T. Cooney, Notary Public, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 46



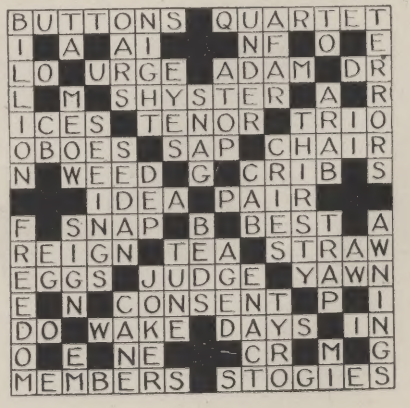
Horizontal

1. A well-known kind of politician.
7. Special skill or knowledge. (Dora thinks these are things that read "Keep Off the Grass.")
13. A given space.
14. Like.
15. Each (abbr.).
16. A difficult thing to float.
17. But not gaudy.
18. This old bird helped make Poe famous.
20. What the conductor said it wasn't, when the old lady handed him a button.
21. Cult, dogma.
22. A man who starts work at the bottom of the ladder.
24. This goes with a haw.
25. The cry of a sinking schooner.
26. What a home is often built on.
28. To put in good spirits.
31. A word meaning except; besides; unless.
33. This flows through Germany.
36. An old block.
37. A place to get a drink in a dry country.
39. Unlucky days for Julius Caesar.
40. A scale, but nothing to do with fish.
41. To stir up.
42. Favorite fruit of politicians.
44. A souvenir.
46. The bugler's "good night."
49. Things often found on rose bushes.
51. A dumb yes.
52. To parcel out or distribute.
53. Bunk!
55. Point of the compass.
56. This comes before Jongg.
59. Skins of these make excellent slippers.
62. The east end of a ship going west.
64. Poems written to tailors and grocers.
66. A fellow who makes a lot of dough.
67. Leave out.
68. Story.
69. Pound (abbr.).
70. A continent (abbr.)
71. Part of the verb "to be."
72. Dead soldiers.
73. Something nearly all women want to be.

Vertical

1. Kennelites.
2. Native metals.
3. 480 sheets of purple paper.
4. (*Mus decamus.*) A spalacid.
5. A gay city.
6. This is higher than a king.
7. Appear.
8. Thoroughfare for Venetian pedestrians.
9. Sprite.
10. A man who didn't believe the song about, "It ain't gonna rain no more."
11. A good thing to drive away.
12. Foes.
19. Adonis,' girl friend.
22. Enemy.
23. Side partner of "neither."
25. It takes a little tug to get this started.
27. This'll stick you.
29. Abbreviation for an island near New York.
30. A guy who had a hundred eyes.
31. A rod of torture.
32. What reformers and meddlers make us.
34. The kind of a girl that's hard to find.
35. Naughty Esquimaux. (Init.)
37. What ball players often are at first.
38. Both a prodigal and a fat-headed calf.
42. Advance; further; encourage.
43. That poor Indian again.
45. This made dark rooms famous.
47. Italian river.
48. To talk in leaps and bounds.
50. A feminine persuader.
52. An English nut.
54. This usually has four legs and leaves.
55. One of Abraham's better halves.
57. This man pulled a funnybone years ago.
58. Something broken down motorists need.
60. Something a policeman seldom does.
61. Home of love birds.
62. The last word in sermons.
63. This is hot stuff.
65. What runners get before they get started.
67. To possess.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

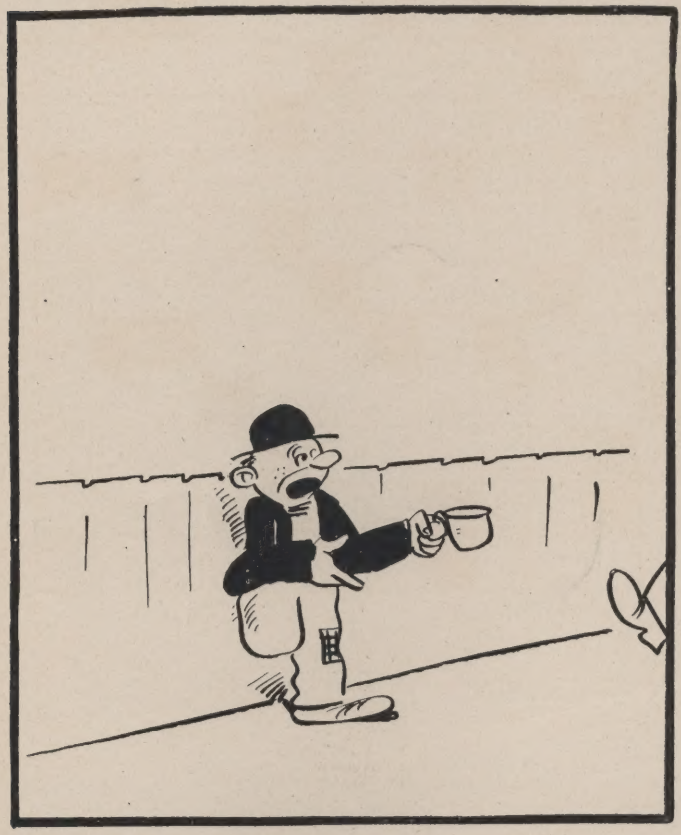


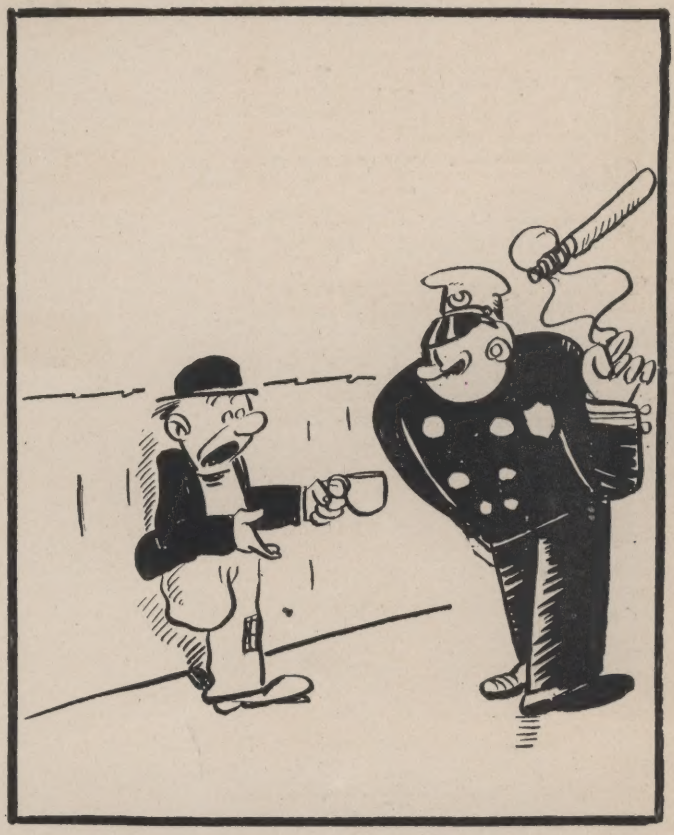
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes November 2. Winning ending appears in the issue of November 21.





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